

# Life

MAY 15, 1921

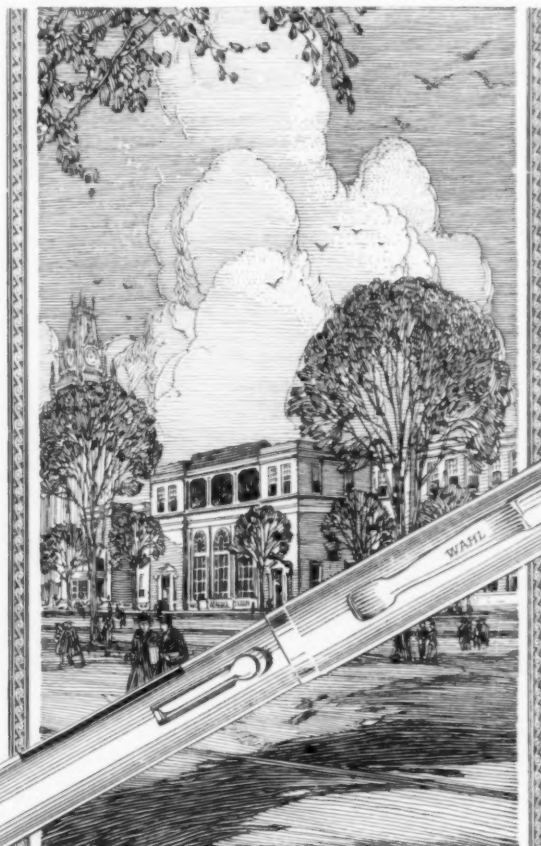
PRICE 15 CENTS



"It is *not*. It's auburn!"



HOME-MADE  
Gold point, iridium-tipped  
—the vital part. We make  
our own, carefully, pains-  
takingly. Perfect points  
guaranteed.



## Improved Writing Qualities —and Beauty

**Y**OUR pen, like your watch is always with you. It follows that appearance in your pen is almost equally important.

The Wahl Metal Pen is gold-filled or silver. It is harmonious with the other personal articles of particular people.

Whether it finds a place in the pocket of a business leader, the handbag of a woman or upon a secretary's desk, the Wahl Pen suits its appearance to its station and its service to the job.

The perfect Wahl Gold Point assures smooth fine writing; and good balance assures hand comfort.

Wahl metal construction increases strength and by its thinner barrel permits greater ink capacity.

There is a Wahl Pen suited to your writing requirements and in a design matching your Wahl Eversharp Pencil.

This year the Wahl Pen is the new, the best, the most beautiful gift for the graduate. Perfectly matched by the Wahl Eversharp Pencil—you can give both.

### What made the Wahl Metal Pen possible

The ink in the self-filling fountain pen is held in a rubber sac within the barrel. So it is no longer necessary to use a material for the barrel that acid in the ink will not eat away.

The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.

THE BEST GIFT  
FOR THE GRADUATE  
Gold filled or Silver  
designs \$4. to \$10.  
at all dealers.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO

Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

# WAHL PEN

**E**VERYONE at some time or other has seen a champion in action. There isn't much difference between a champion and a dub, till you get the two of them in a tournament together.

Bobby Jones looks like any other good appearing kid from Atlanta—till he limbers up and takes a practice swing.

Jack Dempsey is just an ordinary looking person till he steps into the ring.

And the Marmon is just an automobile till you get it out on the road and step on it.

**An Eagle in a Cage** A Marmon car standing still is as out of place as an eagle in a cage or a Derby winner hitched to an apple cart.

All cars are pretty much alike till they try to function.

At twenty miles an hour on city paving any automobile is a good automobile and, under the eye of the traffic cops, there isn't much difference between a thousand dollar car and a three thousand dollar car.

But when you get beyond the city limits and the conditions get harder, you begin to weed out the sheep from the goats.

\* \* \*

The first big difference between a Marmon and other truly fine cars is its mechanical disposition—its mechanical manner—its attitude toward its job.

It reminds you of a perfectly trained and perfectly conditioned athlete who is so fit that work which pulls the other fellow's cork is mere child's play for him.

You can't get it fussed up or red in the face. It has a great big, unused mechanical reserve and can afford to be good natured.

\* \* \*

And the Marmon is probably the only fine car in the world with the same kind of uncanny, mysterious road adhesiveness—with automatic self-balance.

You soon learn that you can give it its head, like an intelligent trained horse.

**Quick to Take a Hint** Many other fine cars have to be driven and forcibly guided by main strength, and the faster you go the more needful this becomes.

The steering wheel of a Marmon is the quickest thing there is to take a hint, and, at the same time, the most steadfast.

\* \* \*

We can tell you that two hundred yards of soft, eight-inch gravel means no more to a Marmon than frost on a steel rail means to a locomotive—and you don't understand.

But you go out in a Marmon and hit two hundred yards of soft gravel without a wobble, then let any salesman try to erase that demonstration from your mind.

\* \* \*

You cannot possibly know what the Marmon does, till you, yourself, have the experience—personally.

\* \* \*

If there is such a thing as a hairy fisted man falling in love with a machine, that thing can happen with respect to the Marmon.

Strong men have fallen in love with good ships, good horses, good battalions and good cannon. Why should they feel any less strongly toward a good automobile?

GET THE MARMON ON ITS HOME GROUNDS—*out on the road.* . . . . .

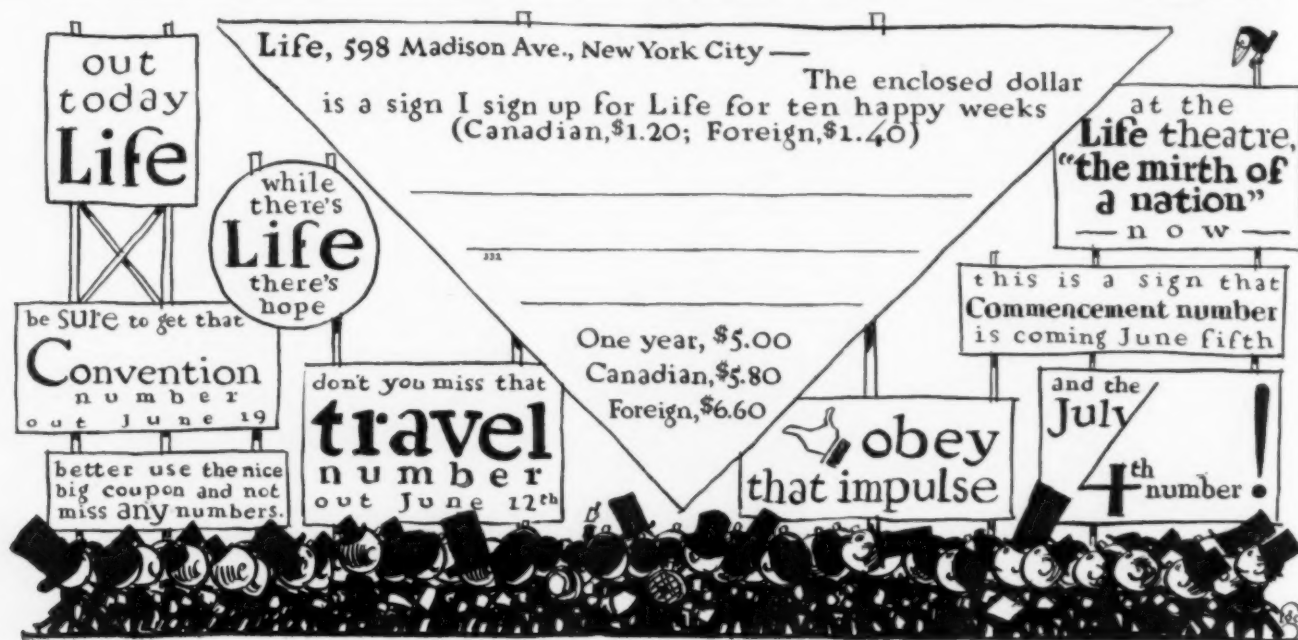


# MARMON

You've got to judge everything in its natural element—airplanes in the air—soldiers in battle—the Marmon car in actual road action. *The only way you can possibly appreciate the difference between Marmon and any other fine car is to get the Marmon on its home grounds—out on the road. Don't let it be said that you've never driven a Marmon.*

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • Established 1851 • INDIANAPOLIS





## Signs of Life

THE world is waking up. On all sides are visible Signs of Life. Some of them are displayed at the top of this page. They contain interesting announcements for all those who intend to do any intensive living this summer. And included, in a charmingly inconvenient place, is a coupon which, when clipped and filled out, will insure joyous, vibrant LIFE for ten weeks.

### A Villanelle

WHEN first I saw your eyes! Ah,  
well—

Immediately, without reflection,  
I thought I'd write a villanelle.

Still does my fancy love to dwell  
On that too brief, too rash inspection  
When first I saw your eyes. Ah, well,

Naught now can break the fatal spell  
I wove when, heedless of correction,  
I thought I'd write a villanelle.

I seized my pencil to excel  
All poetry in Fame's collection  
When first I saw your eyes. Ah, well.

Could I, all blind with love, foretell  
Such doom when, scorning wise  
direction,  
I thought I'd write a villanelle?

I should have known that such a belle  
Would make no poet *her* selection,  
When first I saw your eyes. Ah, well—  
I thought I'd write a villanelle.

J. P. C.

### Station Platform Thinking

FROM the way these commuting gardeners look you would never know anything was wrong with the farmer. The men who take this train to town every morning are just as certain they can raise vegetables that look like the pictures in the seed catalogues as they are that they will be able to borrow the money for the next installment on their homes.

The fact that they never have succeeded in raising anything makes no difference to them. They can tell you all about why they failed last time; don't get them started.

They are as sure that our town is the right place for raising things as they are that we have the only air for radio.

The oldest inhabitant of our suburb has lived here ten years and is said to be forty. When a place begins to have traditions the people are more loyal than they are in some of these places that have been settled only seven or eight years.

Having the stalwart figure of a pioneer to look up to creates civic spirit.

McC. H.

### Cinderella à la 1924

THE clock struck twelve, and pretty little Cinderella daintily whisked out of the ballroom. However, no one, save a plump, bald-headed footman—who couldn't imagine why she had come so early—, paid the slightest attention to her. You see, none of the other guests had yet arrived, as the party was not scheduled to begin until 1 A.M.

goes a long way

to make friends

## General gives you this choice of 3 ways to enjoy low-pressure



### The General BALLOON REQUIRING SPECIAL WHEELS

These General Balloons are built for the new small-diameter wheel sizes—20", 21", 22". They run with lower air pressure than the Balloons of any other make. They do not cut down power. They show a smaller power consumption than the Balloons of any other make. Tests show a range of 50% on a level road in power consumption between different makes of Balloons. General Balloons consume 30% less power than the average of all other makes tested.



### The General BALLOON TO FIT PRESENT WHEELS

These General Balloons are made to fit present wheels on cars now using tires of these sizes—30 x 3½, 31 x 4, 32 x 4, 32 x 4½, 33 x 4½, and 33 x 5. They enable you to equip your car with Balloon Tires without the expense of changing wheels or rims. They run with approximately the same low air pressure prescribed by other manufacturers for Balloons requiring wheel change—in some cases they run with even less air pressure, but in a few cases slightly more.



### The General LOW PRESSURE CORD (REGULAR SIZES)

You are not forced to use Balloons in order to secure low-pressure advantages. For years all regular size General Cords have been giving mileage that has made the name General famous, running on 30% to 40% less air than is required by other standard tires of the same sizes. These regular low-pressure General Cords run at air pressures within five to fifteen pounds as low as the pressures stipulated for Balloons of other makes.

The General dealer will gladly give you full information on these three ways of equipping your car to get the advantages of low air pressure.

The  
**GENERAL**

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.



Copyright, 1924, Hart Schaffner & Marx

## YOU'RE RIGHT IF THEY'RE DIXIE WEAVES

Dixie Weave suits are made from light porous wool or worsted. They're stylish; they're tailored to stay that way; they're cool; they're economical. Our name is in them. Find it—a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

MAY 1, 1924

# Life

## The Independent Farmer

COME, all who walk the ways of sin  
That mark the Wicked City  
Where furtive flows forbidden gin,  
Attend a simple ditty  
Of one who, far beyond the beat  
Of any wild alarmer,  
Imbibes his cherry-cordial, neat—  
The Independent Farmer!

He flouts the dreadful demon Rum  
And twin-born Tom-and-Jerry;  
His brandy smacks of peach and plum,  
His wine of elderberry.  
He scorns to spend his toil-won pelf  
For Beer, the frothy barmer,  
Because he brews the stuff himself—  
The Independent Farmer!

Oh, not for naught on pole or stake  
He trains the fox-grape scion!  
And what a nectar he can make  
Of golden dandelion!  
He craves no spirit triple-starred,  
No Ale, the blowsy charmer,  
But quaffs his native cider, hard—  
The Independent Farmer!

Though what the lawless dealer pours  
Will both degrade and hurt you.  
No draught evolved behind your doors  
Could ever stain your virtue;  
And so, aloof from bootleg rye,  
His innocence his armor,  
He drinks, and votes the nation dry—  
The Independent Farmer!

Arthur Guiterman.



"NO, I CERTAINLY ain't GOIN' TO VOTE THIS YEAR—NOT FOR NOBODY. TAKE MY ADVICE, MRS. SIMKINS—THERE'S THINGS A-GOIN' ON IN WASHIN'TON THAT YOU AN' ME IS JEST AS WELL OUT OF."



"MOTHER, MAY I HAVE A PENNY?"

"WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR, DEAR?"

"WELL, I'M GOING TO THE CANDY STORE WITH SOME FRIENDS OF MINE AN' I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HOLD MY END UP."

### A Sinner Sidesteps

HE is hounding me.

In every magazine and newspaper I pick up he has an article telling me to be nobler. Earnestly he adjures me at fifteen cents a word.

Be kind. Be thrifty. Be loving to your aunts and uncles. And yet be cheerful. And so on.

He has figured out exactly what I ought to be to suit him. But I'll fool him yet. Sooner than be a paragon, I'll be a parallelopiped.

There are several of him. The game of preaching in print for profit is so good that a number of able exhorters have jumped into it, all of them determined to make me BETTER.

They are bound that I shall get up early and take regular exercise and read good books and inhale fresh air and swallow their stuff. They live but to lecture me.

The chorus of syndicatydids is driving me bad.

You wait. Some day I'll turn upon my monitors who persecute me for righteousness' sake. I'll belabor them with bromides of their own. I'll find out their addresses and send them improving letters. I'll demand of them whether they arise each morning simultaneously with the fowls of

the coop; I'll make them tell whether they eat spinach at every meal.

Yes, in my exclusive series of "Dead Weight Uplift Chats, or Platitudes for Pinheads," I'll pick on them as they have picked on me.

But I fear it won't stop them.

*Lawton Mackall.*

### Points of View

THE sturdy Gloucester fishing smack, with all sail set, turned the point of land and swung into full view.

"Ah!" cried the old salt. "As trim a craft as I've sighted in a blue moon."

"Yes," murmured the famous painter, "the silhouette of the sails against the sky is most effective."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the great bootlegger to himself. "Two hundred cases of Scotch and five hundred of gin aboard."

CAMPAIGN funds this season will be cut low and are likely to get trimmed.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

### The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I intended to answer your letter promptly but I was called out of town to see your brother, who is in a hospital. It is nothing very serious. He was driving a girl home from a dance and lost one of his grade-crossing bets. When he gets around again I must have his eyes examined.

You say you and Jim have decided to buy a house. I appreciate the implied compliment, but I am afraid I can't spare twenty-five thousand dollars this year, and it would cost me in addition as much as you are now paying in rent, to keep it going.

Of course, you and Jim are showing real signs of thrift by offering to put my money into real estate. You ought to be well-to-do some day.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



He: WHICH DO YOU THINK IS THE BETTER GAME, GOLF OR TENNIS?

She: WHAT FOR?

### I Thank You!

WILL the following firms kindly take me off their mailing lists immediately:

A publishing house that thinks I don't know how to use a fork in public.

A Philadelphia insurance company that has a strange desire to watch over my wife and kiddies after the Pearly Gates have closed behind me.

A Westchester tree doctor who wants to perform a major operation on a puny shade tree in my back yard.

An electric supply house that apparently does not know I already own a vacuum cleaner.

A travel bureau that is under the impression I have nothing to do these fine days but go over to Egypt and inspect the Sahara sunsets.

An Episcopal parish that fails to take seriously my Unitarian leanings.

A hotel that has the insolence to invite me to come to the Bronx to eat dinner.

A weekly publication that refuses to believe I obeyed that impulse many years ago.

Torrey Ford.



### It Seems There Were Two Scotchmen

By Don Herold

THERE must not be any more telling of funny stories in *dialect*. Will everybody please stop telling them?

I think it would be much better.

Even when they are told quite well, it is embarrassing to listen to them. No matter what the dialect is, there is something about a dialect story from the lips of a great big grown man that gives us the feeling that the great big grown man is talking baby-talk.

After all, there is nothing much to a funny story but the point, and the quicker and more simply the point is made the better. Dialect makes the stories longer and harder to tell, and it does not improve the point. The simple statement that there were once two Scotchmen is evidence enough that the story is about two Scotchmen. The story teller need not do a vaudeville act to convince us that the story is about two Scotchmen. If he will just give us the point in English translation and get his story over as soon as possible, he can dispense with the dialect.

Scotch dialect is somehow worst of all.

This is not only because Scotch stories are all alike and all no good, but because there is a certain suggestion of laryngeal contortion in Scotch dialect which is entirely harrowing. It is almost as gruesome as it would be if the story teller were to throw his shoulder out of place to help make his point.

One of the worst features of dialect stories is that the tellers invariably let their dialect run over into what should

be the straight English part of the story. They begin to talk Scotch before the Scotchmen begin to talk. They lead up to the dialect with dialect and shade off with dialect.

The best story tellers are the worst. Their stories are always the longest and they have an assurance which no self-appointed entertainer should enjoy. Irvin Cobb is perhaps about the worst short-story teller of all, because he is so good.

A story teller should have a lot of humility, and he should translate his story into English, and he should get it over with immediately. He should use no dialect.

And, if possible, he should not tell the story at all.

### From the Correspondence of a Truthful Man

MY DEAR MRS. ———:

In reply to your invitation to dine with you and go to the theatre on Wednesday next, I would put the following questions:

- (a) Who else will be at dinner?
- (b) What will you serve in the way of alcohol?
- (c) Where are we dining?
- (d) What is the name of the play?
- (e) Have you good seats?

If the answers to these queries are favorable, I shall be delighted to accept your hospitality. If unfavorable, I must decline.

Yours most sincerely,  
ROGER JONES.

\* \* \*

DEAR MISS ———:

I have just received your silly little note asking me to fork up thirty (30) good iron men for three (3) tickets (which you enclose) to some asinine subscription dance on the twenty-fifth of the month.

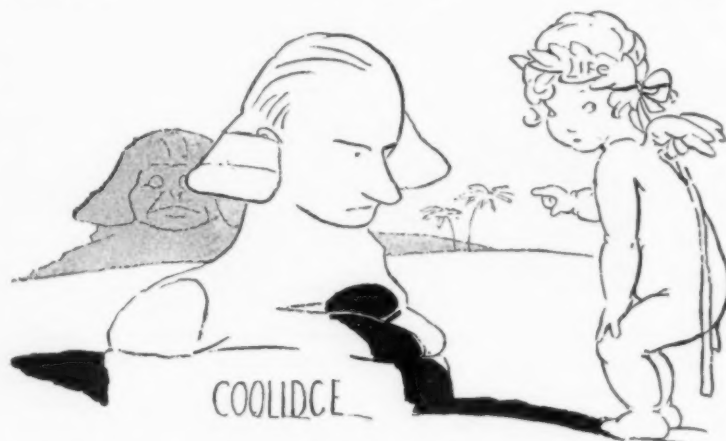
Need I say I have already consigned them to the waste-basket? You should know, by this time, that I invariably steer clear of all such doings.

Sincerely,  
R. JONES.

\* \* \*

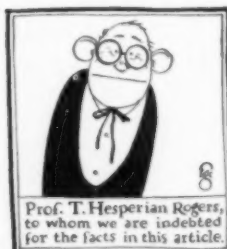
SIR:

I think you are a rascal and a crook. However, send me another case of the same.  
JONES.



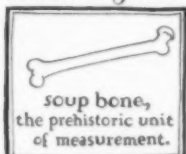
LIFE: ISN'T IT MARVELOUS HOW SO SMALL A SPHINX CAN CONTAIN SUCH AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF SILENCE?

# THE DOUGHTY DINOSAUR

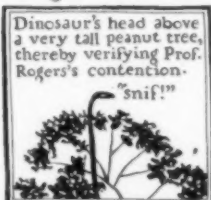


Prof. T. Hesperian Rogers, to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article.

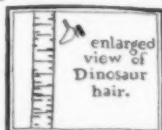
THE PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR, antediluvian bug-of-war,



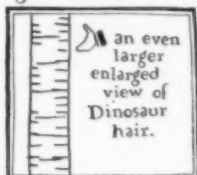
was ninety feet and sixteen inches long. It used to



sniff the evening breeze above the tallest peanut trees and gargle to its mate its plaintive song.

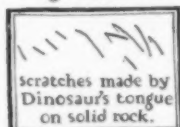


It fought the fierce diplodocus and ate the tough geewhatacus.



'Twas wildest when abattling for its young.

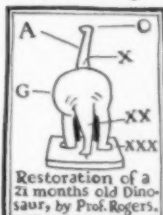
It used to snoop abroad at night, an awful customer to fight; it had



a ten-foot, double saw-edged tongue!

a tame Dinosaur in leash.

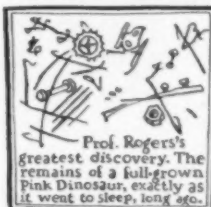
The chubby baby DINOSAUR was something awful as a gnawer, like every youngster



when it starts to teethe. It bit its mother's tail at times but



Mother overlooked its crimes, except to lam it till it couldn't breathe.

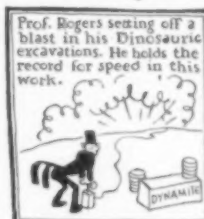


The DINO had a limpid eye that so deceived the passerby he'd wag



his tail (the passerby) — and vanish. You know—

The DINOSAUR would just step on the Rhinolocephodon,



then lick up every drop and scrap and bristle.



And thus the DINOSAUR reveals how satisfactory it feels to make the most of folks



we'd like to slaughter; except today we'd likely stew the folks that I'm alluding to.



My wife's a splendid cook. And so's the daughter.



the DINO's grin would spread, he'd grab the stranger



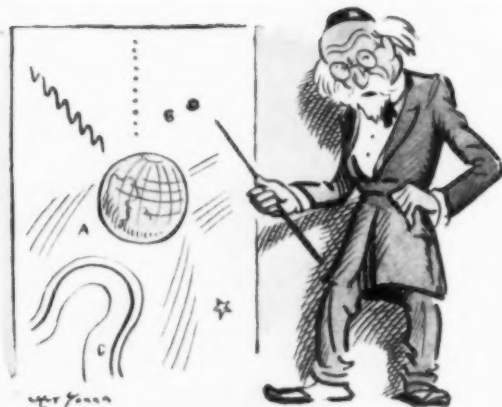
by the head and down he'd go. The DINOSAUR was clannish.



The Rhinolocephodon would cheerfully bite off a ton



of DINOSAURIC hide and steak and gristle.



## STILL ANOTHER DISCOVERY

*Prof. Wiz:* I HOPE I HAVE MADE IT CLEAR; BRIEFLY, MY DISCOVERY MEANS THAT A RUBBER BALL THROWN TO THE GROUND DOES NOT BOUNCE UP, AS IS POPULARLY SUPPOSED, BUT THE EARTH BOUNCES BACK IMMEDIATELY IT IS HIT—THE ILLUSION IS CREATED THAT THE RUBBER BALL IS BOUNCING. AS YOU KNOW, I CALL THIS THE PULSATING THEORY OF ELECTRONS IN THEIR RELATION TO THE FORCE OF GRAVITY, CAPILLARY ATTRACTION AND THE TRADE WINDS.

(Applause from a man who believes in progress.)

## American Bitters

*ON* sait bien la phrase de tous: "le gai Paris"—  
Et on accepte bien sans doute "la belle Belgique";  
Mais est-ce que Monsieur Andrew Volstead rit  
Parce qu'il est l'homme qui met "amer" en "Amérique"?  
Ruth Wright Kauffman.

## My Husband Says

**T**HAT since I buy my clothes in the stylish stout department I certainly do not run downstairs like water.

Mrs. Round says that when she is at a reception or anything and the music stops as she is descending the stairs, she always stands like Queen Luise and waits until the music starts again. She says her knees creak *so* discordantly.

But she looks awfully benign, and my husband says she is contented because she has so much space to decorate.

Her husband is ever so slender and young-looking, and I think it is peerlessly sad that so many men are like that.

My husband says that women begin their life work at the age of three, when they laboriously dress their dolls and wheel them out, but you never saw a boy of three giving an imitation of a father supporting a family.

He says that around thirty the ladies begin to devote themselves to the accumulation of beads, avoirdupois and earrings, and their husbands stay thin trying to keep them that way.

L. Blanche Simpson.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, OPENING MY LETTERS?"

"I DON'T, ORDINARILY...BUT...BUT THIS WAS MARKED 'PRIVATE'!"

## Life Lines

THE official program of the Democratic Convention will contain a guide to New York. What the party really needs is a guide to Washington.

⌋

The birth rate has dropped in France, out of sympathy, no doubt, for the franc.

⌋

California growers are beginning to use machines instead of sunshine as a means of drying fruit. It was about time they gave their overworked climate a rest.

⌋

A scientist has developed a substance which he calls "bottled sunshine." It will enable every man to be a Californian in his own home town.

⌋

Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt prophesies that the public will eventually sing Daugherty's praises.

Well, maybe so. They sang "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

⌋

Daugherty doesn't care who makes the country's laws so long as he can choose its Presidents.

⌋

A man has been discovered in Washington who says he has not seen any one take a drink in the last three years. It should be unnecessary to add that this keen observer of contemporary American life is a member of the United States Senate.

⌋

Americans seem to be one of the great Fordic peoples.

⌋

A Mohammedan pilgrim recently walked two thousand miles to see Mecca, which makes the Camel enthusiast's journey look pretty foolish.

⌋

The Anti-Saloon League is planning to produce a movie of the progress of enforcing Prohibition. The title of the film will be "The Covert Flagon."

⌋

The veracity of eye-witnesses is proved in the instance of Brooklyn's bobbed-haired handit. When arrested, she had everything but bobbed hair.

⌋

At least, the bobbed-haired handit has had her career cut short.



AFTER THE LECTURE

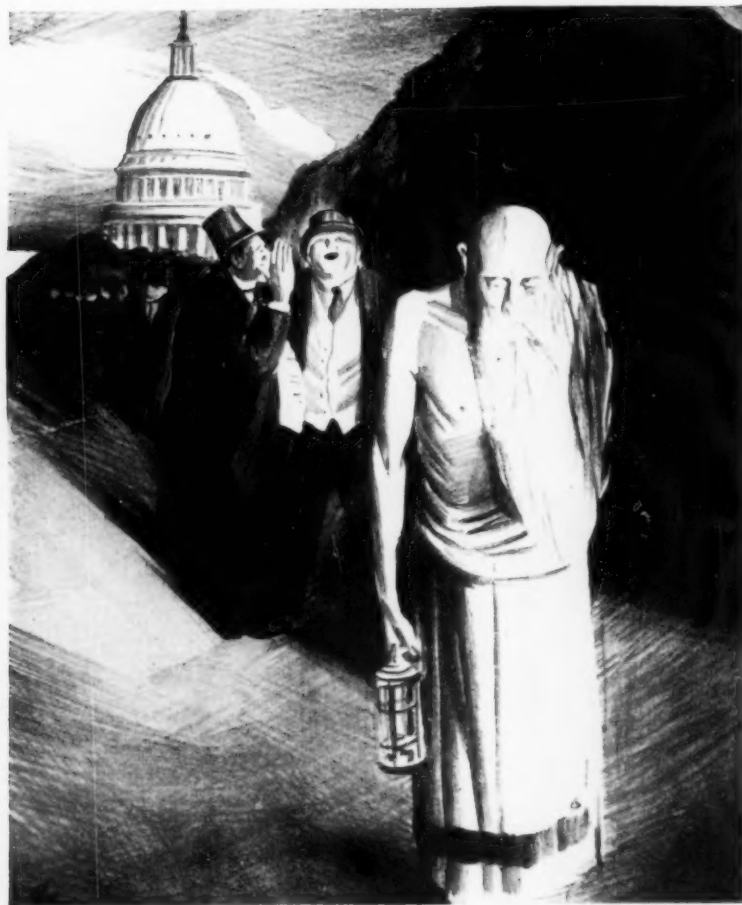
"WONDERFULLY CONVINCING SPEAKER, WASN'T HE?"  
"YES, FOR THE FIRST HOUR OR SO."

## From the Credo of the Modern Flapper

### I BELIEVE—

That life is one great party.  
That without cocktails, jazz and cigarettes it would be a pretty poor show.  
That the perfect man never goes to bed.  
That the ideal male is a combination of moving-picture hero, college football captain, and the Prince of Wales.

That the perfect chaperon immediately disappears.  
That gayety consists in achieving a condition of complete coma.  
That no one is ever shocked at anything, nowadays.  
That one's parents never understand one.  
That thinking is a bore.



DIOGENES LEAVES WASHINGTON

### As to Daylight Saving

THIS scheme of saving daylight by having everybody set his watch forward and go through life an hour ahead of time is all right so far as it goes; the trouble with it is that it doesn't go anywhere: it talks in mere child's figures. Nobody has time to bother with saving an insignificant hour; if we can't save more than an hour, we might as well stay where we are. Of course, it was well to start in with something small, such as an hour, and see how the plan worked out practically; but now that we have discovered what effect it has on a paltry sixty minutes, it is up to us to apply the principle to bigger things and bring about a saving of some consequence.

The plan I have in mind is very simple—much simpler than setting your

watch forward. It is based upon the same fundamental psychology as the old Daylight Saving scheme, which has proved that a man doesn't mind going to bed at eleven if he thinks it's twelve, or getting up at seven if he thinks it's eight, but I carry the idea out far enough to be of some real benefit.

Here is my scheme, and I call it Season Saving. Instead of setting your watch forward an hour, simply go to your calendar and snatch off three months; thus, what you thought was June turns out to be September, and you have got through the summer without any hot weather. Wiping out these three months would solve the milk-and-ice problem which usually comes in July and August; would relieve business firms from giving summer vacations to

their clerks; would prevent—but you can figure out the advantages as well as I.

I merely suggest these three months, of course, as an example; you may take any three months you wish. Or four months—what's a sheet of paper among psychologists? If the consensus of opinion is against winter, there is no reason in the world why the winter months shouldn't be torn out; all that is necessary is that there be some sort of understanding as to what months are to be done away with among large industries and Rotary Clubs planning to hold conventions on certain dates. If you are just an ordinary citizen, you may do what you please, and you will probably find that the most comfortable thing to do is to throw away the whole business except possibly May and October; life is too short to be bothered with summer and winter.

There is one detail that is likely to give some trouble unless it is handled properly. Say in June we set the calendars forward to September; when the new January comes round (the old October) two courses of action are open: things can be left as they are, thus supplying ideal winter weather and enabling Northerners to have perfect winter golf at home; or the calendars can be set back to October, allowing the nation to enjoy a kind of Indian autumn. This second-autumn method would probably be found advisable; without it, we should eventually be having our coldest weather in August, which would be hard on the farmers. By simply pasting back October, November, and December, we have everything straightened out again.

(I do not wish to take any more credit for this scheme than I deserve; the greater share of the credit really belongs to the man who originated the idea of saving an hour by a twist of the fingers, and not to me.)

Berry Fleming.

### Birtheright

WHO does not know the savor  
Of sloes, and rose-hips' flavor,  
Of spice-wood bark and cresses  
In ice-cold springs, confesses  
His birtheright was denied him;  
That prisoning walls beside him  
And pavements laid below him  
Forbid sweet life to know him.

May Folkwell Hoisington.



"THE TROUBLE WITH MEN IS THEY GET SO INTERESTED IN THEIR WORK."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

May  
8th

My husband, poor wretch, up at break of day to dose himself with sodium bicarbonate, complaining loudly of dyspepsia, whereupon I reminded him of being holpen twice to fruit pasty the night before, and he quoth, Yes—never tell me again that you cannot eat your cake and have it too....Lay late, reflecting on many things, and I did fall to counting off my friends according to their possession of a soul, and shocked to find so great a number whom I deem void of any spiritual quality soever. The deficiency more alarming in my own sex than the male, too. Lord! the times are such that a sheltered female is content if she knows how to select a smart hat and when to go up with her Ace. ...To my modiste, to be fitted to my new frock of crêpe Roma, and I did beseech her to adorn it with draperies that sway and float as I walk, being wearied for the moment of the gowns which make women look like animated leadpencils, and she said, How now, Mrs. Pep! Do you want to look as if you were flying? I replied that she would not be going one pace too far if she turned me into something resembling the little figure on the Rolls-Royce radiator cap.

May  
9th

Up betimes, and over to the neighborhood florist who has been pelting me with bulletins. Upon the conclusion of our business he did present me with a rose, thereby making me dubious of trading with him further — experience has taught me that the wares of flower



"I THOUGHT I HAD THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING PUZZLE SOLVED BY CARRYING ONE WATCH WITH STANDARD AND ONE WITH DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME, AND NOW I'VE FORGOTTEN WHICH IS WHICH."

vendors who are generous with them droop more readily than those of the expensive skinflints, to say naught of being invariably delivered in a cone of paper....A visit to my friend Ruth Roberts this day proved profitable beyond all expectation, forasmuch as when she beheld me in the silken wrap which I have affected intermittently for six or seven years through my great attachment to it, she did present me with a brave one of similar type which she had fetched from Paris, feigning no use for it herself, nor did she demand aught save that I present the one I was wearing to my servant Emilie. Lord! it will be like parting with an old friend. ...A great company to dinner, all very merry, Bob Blodgett in especial. Whenever I begin to feel that I am the life of the party, quoth Nelson Steele, regarding Bob gravely, I know that it is time for me to take my leave.

May  
10th

Unable longer to endure the pariah complex which arises from not following a fashion, however distasteful, I did set forth early to lay in some of the scarves wherewith women are emulating the Apaches of Paris. Thence to  
(Continued on page 33)



Skippy: THE FIRE WHISTLE! THAT'S TWO!



"AND THAT'S THREE. TWENTY-THREE; OUR DISTRICT.



"MAYBE OUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE.



"AND MY UNEEFORM ON THE BED."

Skippy

## The Caterpillar

WHEN caterpillars creep and crawl  
And twist and wriggle as they fall  
On me, I try to think that they  
Can't help it, being born that way.

And when I see them hunch and quiver  
In ways that make my stomach shiver—  
I smile to know they're doing just  
The things that caterpillars must.

V. W. M.

## Getting About in Jonesville

ONE of my customers was telling me to-day that his wife declined an invitation to a tea in the next block because she didn't have a closed car." The gray-haired traveling salesman was talking to the desk man in the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville.

"Back in the days when this was called the Smith House and a fellow could get something to eat for a dollar, that woman would have been glad to walk a mile to eat macaroons and get her name in the society column of the *Jonesville Banner*. I asked the husband what he did about it and he said he tried to but couldn't get delivery on the sedan model she wanted in time for this party, but the dealer promised to use his influence and see that she had one in time for the big Country Club reception next week.

"My customer was really worried about her. He said she simply could not bear to ride in an open car. I remember when she was happy to pile into a surrey with a fringe around the top. It's costing a lot of money and energy to preserve our women under glass."

McCready Huston.

THE best thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.



A NEW SUPER-MICROPHONE INTENSIFIES SOUND SO GREATLY THAT A FLEA CAN BE HEARD CALLING TO ITS MATE. HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY NEW TO TRY ON THE DOG.

## Classify Your Newspaper

IF it frequently asserts that "black is white," it's a yellow sheet.

If it asseverates that "black will be white if it is necessary to assure the triumph of the Party," it's a fine old conservative, a follower of the best traditions of American journalism.

If it says that "black is gray," it's a clean, non-partizan, unbiased paper.

If it maintains that "black is black," it's a dirty radical sheet. J. L.

IN sending the Praxiteles Hermes to this country Greece plans to prove to us that she once cut a great figure.



THE CYCLONE AND THE READY CUT HOUSE



*Skippy:* THE FIRE WHISTLE! THAT'S TWO!



"AND THAT'S THREE. TWENTY-THREE; OUR DISTRICT."



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THE CYCLONE AND THE READY CUT HOUSE



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT A CAT HAS NINE LIVES.

### Music Furnished for All Occasions

THE tourist in search of primitive romance had reached the remotest of the South Sea Isles.

A moon of the tropics was mounting the hill-tops and throwing soft shadows of palm trees upon a beach of dull silver.

Native girls approached, gently swaying like the palm leaves.

Then came the opening strains of witch music, wild dance music from unseen players.

"Where is the orchestra?" asked the seeker of primitive romance. "Hidden in some fragrant bower?"

"To-night," answered the chief of the islanders, "the girls are getting their

jazz stuff from Sol Saxophone's Dance Orchestra, Hotel Hooch, New York, Station WOOF. Eleven thousand miles; not so bad, hey?"

Whereupon the seeker of primitive romance gave a piercing cry and went all to pieces morally. *A. H. F.*

### The Uses of Insolency

ABRAHAM, SR. (to his son): Remember, Abie, that nothing succeeds like success—except, now and then, a good failure.

"MODERNISM"—another good word in bad!

### Long Driving

I VENTURE to say there is not a person in my golf club old enough to remember seeing me in the rough grass; I don't drive very far, but I am never more than ten yards away from the mathematical middle of the course.

I had direction; all I needed to make me a first-class golfer was distance. I went about acquiring it scientifically.

My first move was to buy a magazine about golf and make a list from the advertisements of the articles which contribute to length in a man's drive.

There was, of course, the "Flilong" ball (pronounced "flylong"), which expert golfers from all over the known world were writing in to recommend. It was the "longest-flying ball golf has ever known." That seemed to make it exactly the kind of ball I was looking for, so I ordered a dozen for trial.

On the next page was the new patent driver invented by an Englishman named Macdonald Gallagher. Its face was of some secret metal which Mr. Gallagher had discovered, and each head was warranted to have been weighed and balanced with wood and steel and ivory by Mr. Gallagher himself—a brilliant-looking club. Just to look at the picture inspired you. Over the top was the question, "Are you getting your maximum distance?" There was no question about it in my case; I ordered one.

On the page opposite, my eye alighted on a remarkable artificial tee. The slogan was, "It makes bad shots good, and good shots better!" I didn't bother to read any farther; obviously the thing to do was to put a "Flilong" ball on one of these tees and hit it with the Gallagher Special. I ordered a box.

I felt by this time that my drive was about as long as I could control, so, out of the score of other accoutrements essential to the long driver, I selected only two. One was the famous Maxo Golf Bag, made out of a preparation that kept the air from coming in contact with the shafts of the clubs and so preserved their elasticity. The other was a combination arch-supporter and sock which made the player use all his body in the shot by springing his arches at the instant of impact.

They came five days ago, and they have made a big difference in my game. I seem to go just about as far as ever, but I haven't played a second shot out of the fairway since. *Berry Fleming.*

## The Protests of an Inoffensive Man

I HAVE listened with patience and silence, without the slightest betrayal of amusement, to all the common and uncommon arguments advanced by my wife in favor of bobbed hair. I have yet to smile, much less laugh, at the comfort thesis, the time-saving theory or the health sophistry. Neither by word nor by gesture have I ever permitted her or any other woman to feel that I do not subscribe to the convenience contention. I have never struck a blow against any of the propaganda, direct or indirect, although I confess to having recognized a slight twitching in the muscles of the right forearm once or twice.

Therefore, I submit that after the cutting has taken place and all the arguments in favor of it have been proved fallacious I have a right to exemption



*Rheumatic Old Man:* HOLD ON THERE, YOU RASCALS! THE MAN WHO RUNS OVER ME WILL GET A BEATIN' HE'LL NEVER FERGIT!

from further jury duty and to decline to hear the continuous household debate as to whether she should let it grow again. *McCready Huston.*

"WHY wouldn't you join the Ku Klux?"

"They're the only secret society that has a cover charge."



"DON'T YOU BE TURNIN' 'AT CURRENT ON WHEN THEY AIN'T NO BULB T' KETCH IT. FUST THING YOU KNOW YOU'S GWINE SPILL ALL DE 'LECTRICITY OUT ON DE FLOH AN' MAYBE 'LECTERCUTE YOHSE'Y."



MAY 15, 1924

VOL. 83. 2167

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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MR. DEPEW, at ninety, is pleased on the whole with this world, as befits his cheerful spirit. He made a speech in Brooklyn on the night of his birthday. He said he had no fears for the present or the future, and he thought the next ninety years would see a peace among the nations, and a mutual helpfulness and revival of industry and commerce beyond anything ever known. By the sacrifice, he said, of fifty million lives and the accumulated treasures of a thousand years the world was made safe for democracy.

So it was, and Mr. Depew is a bully old man and a grand ornament to two centuries, and we hope he will live to convince his contemporaries that making the world safe for democracy is not too much like making New York safe for gunmen. For a good many observers are quite scared of democracy nowadays and are not sure what it is going to do to us. Clare Sheridan, for example, who writes from Europe to the *World*, is quite dismal, and says that England is passing through a revolution, which no doubt is true enough, and speculates whether she will be any quicker than Russia in recovering from effects of it. Such a comparison sounds rather awful, but still it is a matter of opinion whether Mrs. Sheridan is really a source of information or just a noise. Certainly she is a lively noise and agreeable to the ear, but when it comes to information, Frank Simonds better achieves the feat of producing in the reader the sensation that something actual has been communicated to him.

All the world is now safe for democracy, Mr. Depew says, and France has democracy, but Mr. Simonds says she is sad because it does not seem safe. Mr. Simonds says that everybody in

Europe seems to yearn for peace except Germany, and that Germany is not so eager for it as she was because she hopes somehow to beat the collectors who want her to pay her reparations bill. But in that effort, if indeed she has any such hope, she does not seem likely to get much help. When some of her children are underfed there is sympathy for her. When the French got into the Ruhr and mussed things up there, there was sympathy for the Germans who suffered evil consequences of that experiment without being responsible for the causes that led to it. But if Germany gets a fair offer on reparations such as seems to have been devised by the Dawes Commission and does not meet it in a proper spirit, one cannot think where she will look for sympathy unless it is to Russia.



HOWEVER, Mr. Simonds' impressions are only his impressions, and his misgivings about Germany seem not to be shared by members of the Dawes Commission, who have got home and say the plan they helped to make means more to Germany than even to the Allies, since it does not tax her more than the rest of Europe is taxed, and does not require impairment of her standard of living. They have assumed, they say, that Germany will accept the plan and live up to it, and "every step taken by Germany so far indicates that the assumption is well founded." So perhaps there may be an effective understanding in Europe in spite of all of the correspondents.

Along back on the same boat with the Dawes Commission came Dr. Hayes, the new Cardinal, with the finest line of millinery brought into New

York this season. And what duties he must have paid, if indeed any one connected with the Port of New York was audacious enough to collect them, must remain a private matter between him and Mr. Mellon. What with Charles Murphy's funeral in the morning and the arrival of Cardinal Hayes in the afternoon, April 28 was a busy day for the authorities in our worshipful city. The newspapers make a good deal of the new Cardinal's garb, that being the only thing about him that was visibly changed at Rome, and satisfaction is increased in many hearts by the consciousness that raiment so glorious abides with us again and is available for the decoration of Manhattan life. Whether the Cardinal himself is pleased with brocades and red frocks and hats, or would liefer leave them to the movies, is among things not disclosed.



WE have democracy in this country as is well known, but that does not mean that we have self-government. People find employment in governing us. Sometimes we know who they are because they hold offices; at other times we know them because the newspapers tell us. We knew that Charles Murphy pretty much governed New York City and felt quite competent to govern the rest of the State and at times came pretty near doing it. Murphy obtained this employment not by direct voice of the people, but by the force of circumstances, and when he died the other day there was pretty general agreement that he was a good hand at it and governed, if not ideally well, at least better than any Tammany boss that preceded him. Mr. Murphy got very good notices, both the paid ones in the obituary columns and the voluntary tributes. He was responsible for Hylan, and Hylan, though popular, is not regarded by thoughtful observers as an asset of the city, though as a means of keeping New York Democratic and keeping Tammany in power here, he has been a splendid success. Charles Murphy was a pretty wise ruler. He seemed to have a fairly correct idea of what the standard of expectation was and as a rule he met it. He advertised so little that one can only judge his capacity in government by the results of his rule. The most impressive result is that he held his job for twenty-two years and died much regretted.

E. S. Martin.



THE WILLO'-THE-WISP



The Horrors  
Hannibal's supply sergeant runs out



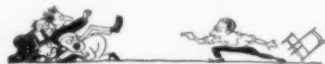
Horrors of War  
t runs out of peanuts for the elephants.



### Camera!

A SMART observer of the plays which are rushed into town at this time of year might well go home and say to his wife: "Edna, these plays seem more like movies to me than like legitimate drama." And he would be right. They *are* more like movies than like legitimate drama, probably for the reason that they were written with movie rights in mind and are given the formality of dramatic production simply to satisfy the relatives and make the thing seem legal.

"The Dust Heap," for instance. The play must have been written while the authors were out on location making the picture. It is called "A Melodrama of the Canadian Yukon," and that isn't exaggerating it one single bit either. They even have incidental music to fit the different moods of the play, the orchestra frankly and with high zest joining in the action with "*Träumerei*" in the love scenes and shivery pursuit-music as the villain drags the unfortunate girl up the stairs to what looks as if it were going to be worse than death. You expect at any moment to have the orchestra walk out to get their coffee and to have the emergency organist fill in while they are gone.



TO detail the plot of "The Dust Heap" would be to run up and down, up and down, the gamut of human emotions, and we have no time for gamut-running here. Everything but childbirth is given a fling at least once. When the excitement begins to lag, the door is burst open and a member of the Canadian Mounted hurls himself in, looks around the room, mutters something about the Mounted always getting its man, and hurls himself out again. Added interest is furnished by the gambling chance that he will speak with an Irish brogue every third line, although just as you lay your bet he shifts and makes it every fourth line. Well, that's gamblers' luck. That's the fascination of it.



SPECIAL mention should be made of the Divine Providence, who comes through at the end of the second act with as pretty a crash of lightning as ever saved a young woman from you know what. As we remember Mr. Dickey's earlier play, "The Broken Wing," it was an airplane that crashed through the side of the house just in the nick of time. This time it is a bolt from the skies. It seems to be necessary to knock in the roof to save Mr. Dickey's heroines, but there is no mistake about their being saved.

MORE good movie material is to be found in "Garden of Weeds," or rather, "Garden of Weeds" was found in more good movie material. Sub-titles form a large part of the dialogue, and while a little more action will be necessary when the thing is put into film form, there will be enough and to spare of what is technically known as "conflict."

The chief conflict is settled in the heroine's mind (we'll call it a mind anyway), over whether to confess her past to her husband in the second act (and stop the play) or in the third. Unfortunately, she chooses the third, which brings the thing up to almost eleven o'clock. Some night one of these wives is going to confess to her husband in the *first* act, and he is going to say: "All right, my dear, what of it?" and we are all going to get the 9:35 home, and what fun *that* will be!



THE second big conflict in "Garden of Weeds" came in the last act, between the villain and his dress shirt. As Mr. Lee Baker (who did a great deal for the rôle, by the way) sat at the dinner table, there was some doubt whether or not his shirt-front would throw him over backward before he could get to his feet again. At one time Mr. Baker had disappeared entirely behind it, only his knees and feet being visible. At others, he pluckily came back and emerged over the top, pale but game. According to the author, Mr. Baker was thrown downstairs at the end of the play by the hero. We have our own private opinion that all the hero did was stand at the head of the stairs and let Mr. Baker's shirt-front win its inevitable victory. All of which was too bad, as Mr. Baker was the best one in the show.



THERE was one of the week's offerings which would not make a good movie. It was the special matinee of "The Admiral," one of Charles Rann Kennedy's rhetorical skits in which three characters declaim at each other for several hours. Not only would "The Admiral" not make a good movie; it would not make a good play. It *did* make a good many people sleepy, including the undersigned.

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Cheaper to Marry.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—A Samuel Shipman investigation into the various forms of human relationship, with the final verdict that you save time and money in the end by marrying her.

**Cobra.** *Hudson*—Excellent acting transforming the triangle into quite a new design.

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *National*—They don't make plays any more thrilling than this nowadays. Revival through the kindness of Walter Hampden.

**The Dust Heap.** *Vanderbilt*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Emperor Jones.** *Provincetown*—Eugene O'Neill's powerful dissection of a Negro soul, with Paul Robeson in the title rôle.

**The Flame of Love.** *Morocco*—To be reviewed next week.

**Garden of Weeds.** *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Man and the Masses.** *Garrick*—Tremendous but quite dull.

**The Miracle.** *Century*—A spectacle of such beauty that you may get religion all over again.

**The Outsider.** *Ambassador*—Therapeutics made exciting by Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill.

**Outward Bound.** *Ritz*—What happens immediately after you die, shown in a well-acted and almost continuously engrossing drama.

**Rain.** *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a success which can not help having a salutary effect on the public attitude toward sin and salvation.

**Saint Joan.** *Empire*—Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's account of how the little Domremy girl made good.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—Helen Menken in an actor's heaven.

**Sun-Up.** *Princess*—A sincere and moving story of backwoods patriotism.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—This department will not be printed next week, owing to the second birthday of this comedy, on which occasion we plan to become ossified.

**Beggar on Horseback.** *Broadhurst*—Good satire and good entertainment, with Roland Young as the one who dreams it all.

**The Bride.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Catskill Dutch.** *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

**Expressing Willie.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—The long-awaited Equity Players' success, and worth waiting for.

**Fashion.** *Greenwich Village*—Much laughter derived from playing an old-fashioned drama in the old-fashioned way.

**Fata Morgana.** *Lyceum*—A vivid account of several things a young boy should know, with Emily Stevens playing teacher.

**The Goose Hangs High.** *Bijou*—What the youngsters think of their elders, and vice versa, shown with more understanding than usual.

**Helena's Boys.** *Henry Miller's*—Another play in which Mrs. Fiske ought not to be.

**Meet the Wife.** *Klaw*—A comedy of fairly obvious fun, with Mary Boland as the harassed wife.

**The Nervous Wreck.** *Sam H. Harris*—Explosive farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

**The Potters.** *Plymouth*—A faithful and entertaining delineation of the troubles of a very ordinary man, played with touching veracity by Donald Meek.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse*—Just at the present moment we can think of no better play of American home life; certainly of no better bit of characterization than Mr. Bartels's.

**Spring Cleaning.** *Eltinge*—A superior cast in high-class dirt.

**The Swan.** *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne as the princess in really high comedy.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Charlot's Revue.** *Solwyn*—You need look no farther down the list.

**The Chiffon Girl.** *Central*—If you like sopranos, Eleanor Painter is one of the best.

**Kid Boots.** *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his best, which is good enough for us.

**Little Jessie James.** *Little*—Another one that fooled us.

**Lollipop.** *Knickerbocker*—One of the best in its class (Class B).

**Moonlight.** *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson in the midst of a great many tunes.

**Mr. Battling Buttler.** *Times Square*—Fair to middling.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—Mr. Berlin's music, Mr. Tinney's sore finger, and lots of scenery.

**Paradise Alley.** *Casino*—Not so good, if you ask us.

**Peg o' My Dreams.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Poppy.** *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields, and Luella Gear in the veteran success.

**Sitting Pretty.** *Fulton*—Very nice indeed.

**Stepping Stones.** *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in the usual triumph.

**Vogues.** *Shubert*—A good revue, containing Fred Allen and Jimmy Savo, as funny to us as anybody in town.



**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Well, it's the Follies.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF FAMOUS CLUBS

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

## To the Congress of the United States of America:

**I**n recognition of its inestimable services in furthering the cause of war by passing, in the face of almost unanimous opposition on the part of its literate constituents, the Immigration Bill containing the Japanese Exclusion clause. Although specifically barred from competition in LIFE'S War Contest, the members of the Congress pluckily went ahead with no thought of personal gain and at the expense of their reputation for sane statesmanship, and formulated a plan so simple and inevitable in its potentialities for the promotion of international ill-will that to deny it recognition in this contest would be an equivocating and futile evasion of justice.  Therefore, the judges in LIFE'S contest present to the members of the Congress this special hand-illuminated award in lieu of a cash prize, with best wishes for a Happy War. 

## The War Is Off

THE imposing document reproduced above is the memorial which has been forwarded to the members of Congress in recognition of their services for the promotion of Bigger and Better Wars. Copies of this were sent last week to the President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the Japanese Ambassador, and to every Senator and every Representative.

The reception accorded this special award in Washington was unexpected, but thoroughly characteristic of our distinguished law-makers. With their usual perverseness, they proceeded to undo the good work which they had already accomplished, and by which they had earned the special prize in LIFE'S War Contest. Instead of forging ahead with their shrewd and well-calculated plans for war with Japan, they backed down and indicated that they would conciliate that

nation by retracting the insult which they had offered on April 15 (the closing day of the War Contest).

There is no question that this action was prompted solely by LIFE'S special award. If we had only refrained from our demonstration of regard (as illustrated above), this country would probably be involved to-day in a rousing conflict with the entire Orient.

We are duly chastened. Hereafter, we shall make no attempt to promote campaigns for Bigger and Better Wars. After all, that work should be left in the hands of professionals, and mere amateurs should keep out of it (until the war is actually started and the call for volunteers is issued).

In war or in peace, it is always best to let nature (and Congress) take its course.

## The Macedonian Cry and the Great Specialist

By Rollin Kirby

THE great specialist sat looking across his desk at the man who had just been ushered into his office.

"What can I do for you?" he queried.

"It's not for myself, doctor," responded the other. "It is in behalf of another that I am here. My wife—I hardly know how to tell you."

"Yes, go on," purred the great man.

"Well, you see, doctor, my wife has an unhappy—I may call it aberration. She is clothes-mad."

The doctor permitted the ghost of a smile to pass over his face before he answered. "My friend, that is one of the commonest forms of feminine derangement. We call it 'fashionitis.' How long has she been this way?"

The other thought a moment before he replied. "I should say—well, ever since I began to make a little money."

"Luckily, you have come to the right person. I have a remedy. The best part of it is that she will never know that it is being administered. This little phial I hold in my hand contains the cure. A drop or two poured into her tea or cocktail will do the trick. Hundreds of husbands have come to me with just the same problem. I have never had a failure."

"Tell me more about it, doctor. What is it? Where did it come from? The man who invented it should be a national hero."

"I will tell you. It is the discovery of an Englishman. Years ago—very many years ago—England was a country filled with men in just your position. The situation was desperate—they were being driven to bankruptcy and suicide by the accursed French dressmakers. Their womenfolk plunged into an orgy of dresses and millinery. Germany, which was just coming into prominence as a world power, caught the fever through the connecting royal families. Finally, an English scientist named Wigg hit upon this remedy. From that time on a marvelous change took place;

I WILL HAVE  
SOM' CAVIAR ON TOAST,  
CONSOMME CHIFFONADE, STUFFED CELERY,  
SOFT SHELL CRABS SAUTE MEUNIERE,  
GRILLED BREAST OF GUINEA HEN,  
NEW PEAS EN CROUSTADE,  
GRILLED SWEET POTATOES,  
AN ARTICHOKE, WALNUT LAYER CAKE  
AND A DEMI TASSE



THE ROBBED-HAIRED BANDIT

it was another Reformation. On every hand the women lapsed into complete indifference to dress—sloppy was no name for it. As time went on and the ladies became frumpier and frumpier, there arose cries of anguish even from the husbands themselves. Unluckily, Wigg had lost the formula for the antidote. He was commanded by the Crown to undo his appalling mischief, but, as has been proven before, authority cannot compel science or art, and so poor Wigg, the hero of yesterday, was banished to the penal colony in Tasmania, where he died."

During this long dissertation the face of the man in the chair opposite had perceptibly lengthened.

"Do you mean, doctor, that if I give this remedy to my wife there can be no change from what she will become—that thenceforth she will dress like an Englishwoman or a German?"

"I mean just that," responded the doctor.

"You offer me a hard alternative," said the man turning his hat slowly around in his hands. "I—I—well, I fancy I will let the thing run along just as it is. Good morning, doctor," and, gathering up his overcoat, he departed.

The doctor smiled wearily as he picked up a pile of letters, from which he drew a long envelope bearing a French stamp. Slitting it open, he deftly removed a check which read:

"Pay to the order of—Dr. Felix Gyppe—25,000 frs.  
*Société des Modistes et Couturières Françaises.*"

"My spring retainer," he said to himself. "I'll need that. My wife will be getting some new clothes."

## The Center of the Mass

RUSH: What's your idea of a piker?

Hour: A fellow who travels in the subway to get his clothes pressed.



"I SEE THAT HARVARD PSYCHOLOGISTS ARE GOING TO TRANSMIT THOUGHTS TO EUROPE."  
"THAT'S A BLAME GOOD IDEA! THEY NEED SOME OVER THERE!"

## The New Professionalism

EVIDENTLY, something had to be done about it. Not content with winning all the titles in sight, the national tennis champion has actually been making money by writing books, newspaper stories and magazine articles about the game he knows supremely well! This is all wrong.

*A Champion should Play,  
avoiding blame,  
And let the Duffer prose  
about the Game.*  
\* \* \*

WHEREFORE the Amateur Rule Committee, dauntlessly taking the bull by the tail, arraigns the champion as an evil influence and impugns his amateur standing. Not that the committee is bigoted on the point; far from insisting that no hand that wields the racquet may also wield the pen, it makes it quite clear that lesser lights in the tennis firmament may still "write tennis" and yet avoid all taint of professionalism. A player must simply take care that he does not "substantially increase his income" through his contributions to the literature of his favorite sport; and the Committee is amply qualified to determine in each particular case whether or not the player-writer is making more than is proper.

*"Yes, write for pay," the  
Tennis Solons tell us,  
"But never earn enough to  
make us jealous!"*  
\* \* \*

OF course, the Committee is sound; it has the Welfare of the Game more at heart than has any mere Champion; but how are any of us Literati to escape conviction on charges of professionalism in our pet sports? Under the ruling of the Committee, if, as and

when Izaak Walton collected huge royalties on "The Compleat Angler," he necessarily became a professional fisherman, as such ineligible to enter amateur fly-casting tournaments. When Chaucer basely acquired riches through

the publication of "The Canterbury Tales," he was undoubtedly expelled from the Amateur Association of Pious Pilgrims. When Lord Byron marketed a canto in which he boasted of how he had rivaled Leander in swimming the

Hellespont, he certainly became a professional natator. When Longfellow "shot an arrow into the air," that was quite all right; but when he wrote a song about the exploit and sold the song to a magazine, he thereby ceased to be an Amateur Archer. And there is ground for believing that under his contract with the publishers of his racing poem, "Right Royal," John Masefield may be considered a professional jockey. The fatal stigma rests on all of us, for:

*Whatever lives we live or  
games we play,  
How sordidly we write  
them up for pay!*  
\* \* \*



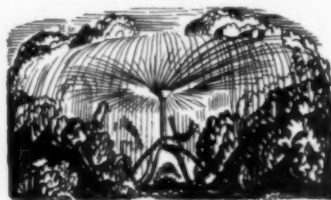
### From a Commuter's Garden of Curses

I N winter I get up at night  
To keep my furnace fire alight.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to cut the grass all day.

I have to cut the grass and weed  
The beds my wife has sown with seed,  
And fix the water sprinkler so  
That grass and weeds again may grow.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When I have other things to do,  
To have to work with might and main  
To make those darn things grow again?

George S. Chappell.



WHEN a distinguished authority on indoor games of chance and skill writes a popular book on bridge or Mah Jong, doesn't he thereby become a professional gambler? And how about all the sport writers who still participate in the diversions they delight to describe? Is Grantland Rice a professional golfer, H. C. Witwer a professional boxer, and Ring Lardner a professional baseball player? Think of all these dramatic critics who long since, by their literary activities, forfeited their standing as amateur actors! And then all these ladies, past and present, who, drawing upon the reservoirs of personal experience, have poured forth such libraries of passionate, incandescent and best-selling love tales. Are they, too, professional?—well, who started this thing, anyhow?

Arthur Guiterman.



*Keep a Kodak story of the children*

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

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## the SILENT DRAMA



## "Girl Shy"

ONE of these days, Gilbert Seldes is going to happen into a movie theatre and discover Harold Lloyd. It is inevitable. Lloyd has been progressing at such a terrific pace during the past few years that he is bound to come to Mr. Seldes's attention before very long.

Mr. Seldes, you should know, is the author of "The Seven Lively Arts" and the greatest discoverer since Columbus. It was he who dug Irving Berlin, Al Jolson, Rube Goldberg, Paul White-man, Charlie Chaplin and many others from the obscurity in which they had previously reclined, and placed them triumphantly before the art-loving public. He has literally made these boys what they are to-day. He holds a unique position as a patronizer of the arts.

IN the case of Harold Lloyd, talent will finally compel recognition. With his last five pictures he has promoted a thunderstorm of laughter, which has reverberated through every conceivable section of the globe. And now he has produced a new one, "Girl Shy," which is immeasurably the best of the series. One might well say that it is the most furiously funny comedy in history; in fact, I think I'll be the one to say it.

"Girl Shy" is a perfect example of comedy construction. Its gags are built carefully and scientifically, and are never permitted to outlive their usefulness.

The final three reels of the picture are devoted to a chase, exactly similar in conception and in form to those which concluded all the Keystone comedies of blessed memory. But Lloyd has gone far, far beyond the wildest dreams of Mack Sennett. He has devised a chase which utilizes every known form of vehicle, and which sweeps through the harassed City of Los Angeles with

the devastating power of a tornado. In the course of it, Lloyd performs various feats of incredible daring and acrobatic skill. (And please don't write in to tell me that a double was used in these scenes, because my answer will be, "What of it?" Personally, I have enough of the Merton Gill in my system to scoff at the idea that Harold Lloyd would ever descend to the employment of a double. That's just how easy I am.)

"GIRL SHY" is not entirely reliant on whirlwind chases and acrobatic tricks. There are subtler qualities, equally difficult of performance and equally effective. The rôle which

Harold Lloyd enacts is that of a timid author, creator of a tome on "How to Make Love." For all his literary cynicism, he is painfully bashful, and his amorous style is cramped considerably by his tendency to stutter. Whenever he starts to gasp out a sentence, his powers of articulation become paralyzed, and speech may only be restored by the sound of a violent whistle. You can picture the possibilities for yourself.

Lloyd manages this admirably. Difficult as it is to convey a semblance of stuttering on the silent screen, Lloyd gets it over skilfully and surely, and provokes a series of good old-fashioned belly-laughs at every attempt.

Yes, "Girl Shy" is great stuff. It can be seen many times, and will be—as long as the official eyes of this department hold out.

## "The Confidence Man"

THOMAS MEIGHAN'S latest effort, "The Confidence Man," marks a slight decline from the high average which he has maintained through recent seasons. It has moments of humor and keen observation, but it is allowed to lag, and its interest peters out.

Mr. Meighan is good, as always, and he is given more than adequate support, particularly from Laurence Wheat and Virginia Valli. It is the continuity writer who lets them down.

The sub-titles are by George Ade, and are for the most part worthy of him. Still, it seems incredible that he should try to get away with that decrepit wheeze about the village skinflint who opened his purse and three moths flew out. For all I know, Mr. Ade may have originated it—but even that wouldn't excuse its present use.

George Ade doesn't have to dip into the files for his nifties.

Robert E. Sherwood.



HAROLD LLOYD IN "GIRL SHY"

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### The Laureate in America

Dr. Bridges seems to doubt whether he will have any useful function at the University of Michigan, but there are all those young people whom he might tell how to be poets without writing poetry.

—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

### A Ripple of Indignation

OIL KING: Now, my dear friend, that I have confided to you the means by which I acquired this reserve, what procedure would you suggest?

GEORGIA SENATOR: Suicide, suh!

—*California Pelican*.

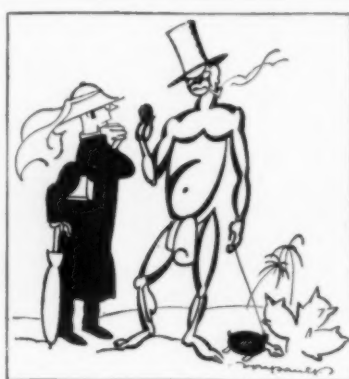
THE season's proofreading prize goes to the Pasadena *Star-News*, which refers to C. E. Montague's "A Hind Leg Loose."

—F. P. A., in *New York World*.

"I wish you wouldn't keep humming that same tune over and over again."

"But there are twenty verses."

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.



### STARKEST AFRICA

"NO USE TO ARGUE, PARSON. YOUR RELIGION WOULD RUIN ME. HOW YOU EXPECT ME TO ASSUME DE OBLIGATION OR CLOTHING MAH FO'TY WIVES?"

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

### Of Tap-Water

On Monday as the sun went down  
I saw a white cloud turn to brown,

Then make a rainbow all about  
The sunset till it faded out.

And now it fills the bowl for Kate  
To wash my saucer and my plate,

And from the tap the cloud is drawn  
To feed the flowers and the lawn.

It brims my bath, a soapy sea  
To wash the dirt away from me,

And makes my skin all clean and white—  
The cloud I saw on Monday night.

—*Wilfred Thorley, in*

*The Merry-Go-Round (London)*.

### Speeding Up Production

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry in a mining camp, heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You likee my tlacks, I makee some more."

—*Everybody's*.

"THIS is an old joke."

"Hitch it up to a new Senator."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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DOROTHY: "WELL, IT'S SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT."

[ Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath). ]



## For the Louvain Library Fund

IN LIFE of February 14 we spoke of America's pledge to Belgium to replace the Louvain Library—that wonderful institution totally destroyed during the war—and asked our readers to help. A number did so, and in the May 1 number we reported progress and renewed the appeal. Some welcome small contributions have since been received, but a more generous response is needed if America is to stand with her promise made good that *Louvain's Library shall be restored*. It is right up to us, just everyday Americans, to make this come true. Can we not count on you?

Previously acknowledged	\$116.00
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L. R. ....	1.00
Anonymous ....	2.00
B. ....	1.00
O. H. ....	1.00

\$122.00

Checks, if made payable to us and marked for "Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded, and acknowledgments will be published in LIFE.

## The Gay Life

A WOMAN recently sued for divorce because her husband would not let her bob her hair. Evidently she preferred shingled blessedness to matrimony.

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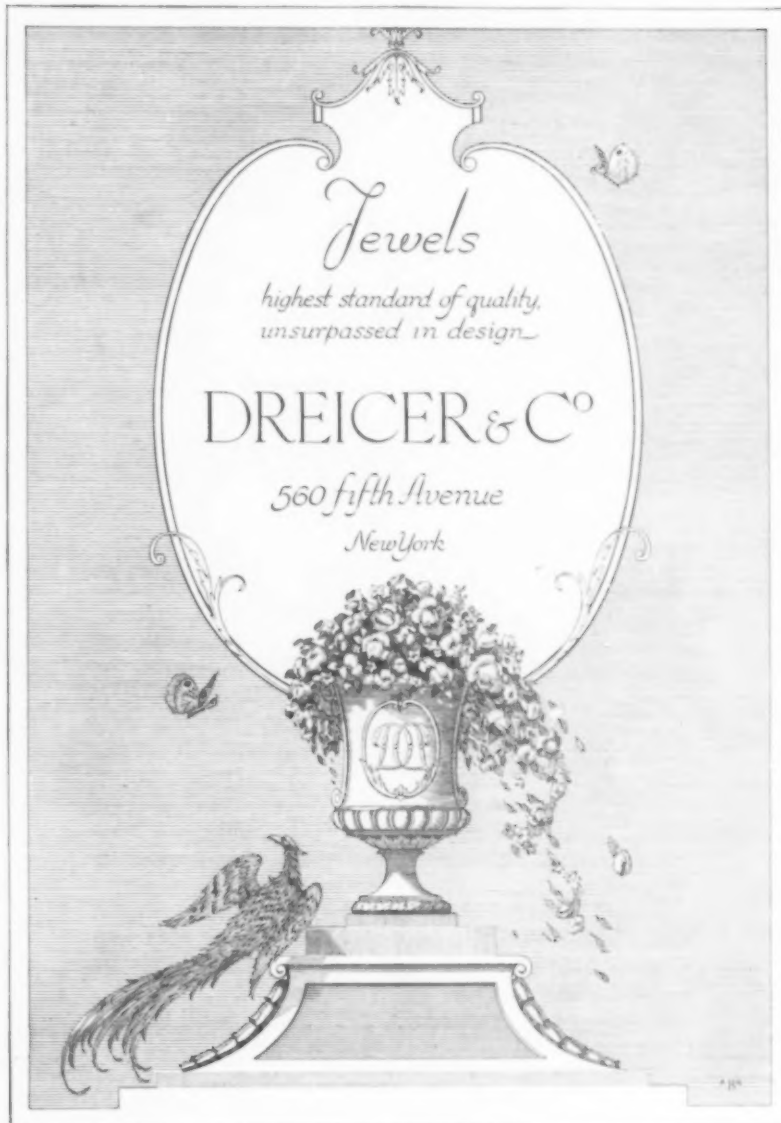


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## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

meet Marge Boothby at an inn, where we made a fine meal on jellied soup, fish and a salad, going afterwards to a cinema. Whilst we were there a storm blew up, so that we were at some pains to get a cab when we came out, and when we did finally signal one, two rude persons stepped into it before us, thereby refuting momentarily the Bible's apportionment of rainfall to the just and unjust... At cards all evening, with such unsightly assortments that I felt like a brickmaker void of straw.

Baird Leonard.

BEELZEBUB: What's the new sprinkler system over on the Half Acre, chief?

LUCIFER: That's a development for the fellows who say, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity."

## At Midnight!

THERE was a breathless silence, broken only by the ticking of the great clock in the hall and the moaning of the wind outside. The victim sat solemn as a rock, every nerve tense to the situation, his face ashen-white and void of all expression. The others—his comrades, his foes, his nearest of kin—fidgeted idly in their places. The delay was beginning to tell on them.

At length the victim lifted his head slowly. Beads of cold sweat stood on his brow, but a determined, defiant expression crept stealthily across his features. He made a gesture towards the center of the table and mumbled feebly: "I'll chow the One Bamboo."

The others sighed with relief and the game continued. T. F.

A FORMAL dinner is incomplete without nuts. Invite a few.



## The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

\* \* \*

Across the breadth of a continent the telephone is ready to carry your greetings with all the conviction of the human voice. Used for social or business purposes, "long distance" does more than communicate. It projects you—thought, mood, personality—to the person to whom you talk.



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### "So This Is Love"

"AND if I ever see you with her again, all between us is finished."

"I knew all the time you'd much rather have gone with her than with me."

"Well, you might have asked me to, anyway."

"Yes, I know. You're always pretending you're so busy."

"That's not so. He never did all the time I knew him."

"Anyway, he's not always telling me what to do."

"I hate you."

### Released by Papa

THE little son of the great movie producer asked for a bed-time story.

"Tell me about the cow that jumped over the moon, Papa," said he. "I'm not a bit sleepy."

Whereupon the great movie producer, drawing up his chair beside the crib, told as follows:

"Story of the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon. Released by Papa. Copyright, Mother Goose. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, 1688. Illustrations by Kate Greenway. Decorations by Penn and Wash. Subtitles by Ivory Beane. Published by Juvenile Guff Co., Chicago. Type by the American Type Foundry. Plates by the Coppershell Electro Co. Printed by the Flatted Press, Boston. Proof read by Flanagan. Corrections made by Bill McLeod. Binding by Jacket, Glue & Co., Yonkers. Trucking by Al Smith. Book put out to trade by Whopper Brothers, New York. Serial rights reserved. Passed by the Board of Censors. License Number 45983. Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow—"

The breathing in the crib was suspiciously regular.

"The little lad is asleep," murmured the great movie producer. "And he said he wasn't tired."

Patrons of the movies could have told what made him tired.

A. H. F.

WIFE: Everything go all right at the office to-day, dear?

HUSBAND: No, I broke my pencil point.



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## Speaking of Politics

"It's all perfectly simple," announced the slim young man with the gardenia in his buttonhole, helping himself to a caviar paté, "as simple as rolling off a log."

"Just what I've always said," nodded the pale, powdered lady in mauve chiffon. "It's as simple as log-rolling. The only thing I don't quite understand is why they hold a Convention in the first place."

"But, my dear," broke in the florid-faced gentleman, who stood in front of the fireplace, puffing a thick cigarette, "it isn't in the first place. It's in the last place. This year it happens to be New York."

"Of course," said the slim young man, reflectively, "it's all merely a matter of form."

"I see," smiled the pale lady, through her powder, "and form is so important, nowadays, isn't it?"

"All that a Convention ever does," continued the one by the fireplace, blowing a perfect ring of smoke that wreathed itself around the cocktail shaker on the center table, "is to advertise, to arouse, to stimulate. The theory that it has anything to do with the actual election of a President is all rubbish."

"Quite," said the slim young man.

"I know that," the pale lady softly murmured, "but doesn't a President have to be nominated as well as elected?"

"Precisely," cried the florid-faced gentleman. "It's the nomination that's the main point."

"If they would only realize that during the Convention," sighed the slim one, "how much better it would be!"

"Of course it would," agreed the others, "ever so much better."

Up to this point the hostess, a plump little woman in a beaded gown, had not spoken a word.

"I'm sure it would be better," she giggled, "but, somehow or other, I never really cared much about politics. It always seemed such a silly thing to me. Do have another cocktail and then we'll go in to dinner." C. G. S.

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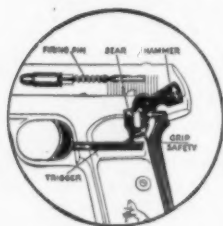


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Hartford, Connecticut  
Pacific Coast Representative  
Phil. B. Beckett Co., 717 Market St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

**THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER**

### Everyday Types

*The Janitor*

Of course he is never addressed as the janitor. Certainly not! That would never do. He is the superintendent, and very super, at that. If it's too cold, or too warm, or if the electric light fails to function, or the people in the next apartment cut up too late at night, or there is a leak in the plumbing, or the ceiling caves in, he is the fellow who is immediately summoned, and implored to "do something about it." His answer, as a rule, is a supercilious leer, and something to the effect that "he'll see when he can get

around to it." There are always so many other matters on his mind at the time.

He smokes a stubby briar pipe, and is never without a newspaper, which he carries folded in the left-side pocket of his coat. His favorite pastime is the moving pictures.

Not infrequently his duties extend to several different buildings, in which capacity he is completely unavailable when needed in yours. On only two occasions are you actually sure to nab him—Christmas and his birthday.

### Where Are the Shows of Yesterday?

I WONDER in what Isle of Bliss

For Highbrow Plays there is no flair;

Where Gorky lies in the Abyss

And Art Theaters get the air;

Where Barrymores, so debonair,

Let Hamlet in Morocco stay.

"Alas, New Yorick." I despair!

Where are the Shows of Yesterday?

Where is the Mortgaged Homestead?  
This

Stood by us ere O'Neill could swear;

The drunken father's heavy hiss,

The infant at its evening prayer.

"My God! My Son!" (Here *mou-*  
*choirs* tear.)

"Ah, Curfew Must Not Ring, I Pray."

"Now Curse You, Cuthbert, Have a  
Care!"

Where are the Shows of Yesterday?

Where is the Frail who went amiss?

Poor Innocent, with baby stare!

How comes it that Our Little Sis

Ain't been done right by? There is  
hair

Upon Nell's brother's chest; beware,

You City Slicker from Broadway!

"Kiss Me, My Fool!" "I'll Treat  
You Square."

Where are the Shows of Yesterday?

*Envoy*

Alas for Critics! I will dare

Confession ere I'm too blasé.

Back to the melodrammer! There!

Where are the Shows of Yesterday?

*M. A. D.*

### They all say **GLOVER'S** does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## The New Romance

BUSINESS has grown romantic. The rise of the sect of Go-Getting has carried its erstwhile dreariness along to the fine level of adventure. A contract surpasses a novel in interest, and a swing around the circuit with a sample case has all the elements of a hunting trip in the Canadian wilderness.

Can you not see the modern bookkeeper when he arrives home after a day of stirring trials? A stalwart man is he, upstanding and true, whom nothing can agitate.

"What adventures to-day?" asks his wife, after her brave husband has settled himself comfortably.

"Many," he answers. "Many."

He pauses, and his partner in life waits patiently for the thrilling tales she knows will soon be forthcoming. Her brave man puffs silently on his pipe for a time, musing on the excitements of the day. At last he speaks.

"We began installing a new card-index system," he begins.

"Oh, *how* romantic!" breathes his wife, enthralled.

"It *is* fascinating," the bookkeeper admits. "Row after row of oblong cards, each one exactly the same in size, and all alike in color. They are positively thrilling. There is an adventure in every one of them."

"And then we received in the mail a check from Grand Rapids—think of that—all the way from Grand Rapids. Why, it made me feel like an explorer, just to handle it. I was swept away with the same surge of ecstasy that must have overpowered Cortez—or was it Balboa?—when he stood on that peak in Darien, Conn. A marvelous experience."

"How much was the check for?" his wife inquires.

"Seven-eighty-three," the bookkeeper answers.

"But the most exciting thing of all was the judgment we got against a delinquent debtor," he goes on. "I handled it. That ordinary sheaf of foolscap had a power beyond any human. It was almost omnipotent. It could reach out and take money or goods. It was worth—just that small thing and the words thereon—it was worth seven thousand dollars—if it could be collected."

"Marvelous," says his wife. "Marvelous. It must be glorious to be in business. I should love to be a stenographer. Then I could watch the fascinating keys as they jumped up under my touch and formed words... words... words. I should love to be a stenographer."

"Never mind," replies the bookkeeper consolingly, "not all of us can have the great adventures. Women are born, I suppose, for the commonplace of life."

J. K. M.



## Let Clicquot Club Ginger Ale sparkle over the dry spots

Off goes the stopper, and the amber-gold Clicquot Club Ginger Ale sparkles into your glass and spills wetness all over your throat. Keen, cool, lively, glowing, it swirls over the parched dry places, full of zest and refreshment and ginger-splash fragrance.

No wonder the educated palate likes it. No wonder everybody backs that liking by liking it also! It's the tang of ginger, the lime and lemon flavorings, the carbonated Clicquot spring water that do it!

Do you wonder why millions of bottles are spilled down happy American throats? Do you wonder that *they all like it*?

Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY  
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

# Clicquot

PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO

# Club


# Ginger Ale



Clicquot Club  
SARSAPARILLA

What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.






# MOLLÉ

MŌ-LAY

## for SHAVING without Brush or Lather



Apply with  
the finger tips

Shave with ease  
and smoothness

### A Marvel of Shaving Simplicity

JUST wash the face, spread soothing softening Mollé over the beard, then use the razor.

Gives a new sense of shaving smoothness, a grateful relief from burn or smart and a delightful after feel of face comfort that needs no lotions.

Treat yourself to the luxury of Mollé shaving to-day!

A whale of a tube for 50 cents at  
practically all good Drug Stores

THE PRYDE-WYNN CO. • NEW BRIGHTON, PA.



A Generous Trial Tube  
prepaid for 10¢



"There's a fifteen-dollar racquet all shot because of these damp lockers. I'm going to kick to the house committee."  
"Save your breath. They'll tell you to get a Dayton Steel Racquet and stop worrying about your locker."—Adv.

### Books Received

*The Desert's Price*, by William MacLeod Raine (Doubleday, Page).  
*O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1923* (Doubleday, Page).  
*What Is Modernism?* by Leighton Parks (Scribner).  
*Cobb's American Gayed Books—Kentucky, North Carolina, Maine, Indiana, New York, and Kansas*, by Irvin S. Cobb (Doran).  
*Defeat*, by Geoffrey Moss (Boni & Liveright).  
*Sayonara*, by John Paris (Boni & Liveright).  
*None So Blind*, by Albert Parker Fitch (Macmillan).  
*Who Killed Cock Robin?* by Harrington Hext (Macmillan).  
*Sunrise Trumpets*, by Joseph Auslander (Harper).  
*On the Lot and Off*, by George Randolph Chester (Harper).  
*The Wrath to Come*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown).  
*Unwritten History*, by Cosmo Hamilton (Little, Brown).  
*Cancer—Nature, Diagnosis, and Cure*, by Dr. Francis C. Wood (Funk & Wagnalls).  
*Man and the Microbe*, by Dr. C. E. A. Winslow (Funk & Wagnalls).  
*Community Health*, by Dr. D. B. Armstrong (Funk & Wagnalls).  
*Personal Hygiene*, by Allan J. McLaughlin (Funk & Wagnalls).  
*The Baby's Health*, by Richard A. Bolt (Funk & Wagnalls).  
*The Red Lodge*, by Victor Bridges (Doubleday, Page).  
*Ways to Peace*, Edited by Esther Everett Lape (Scribner).  
*Lights Along the Ledges*, by Elizabeth Stancy Payne (Penn).  
*The Narrow Street*, by Edwin Bateman Morris (Penn).  
*Hew-Hew; or, The Monster*, by H. Rider Haggard (Doubleday, Page).

WITHROOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

### Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"I HAVE to go downtown to-morrow and buy Minnie a new floor-lamp. She was reasoning with her little girl, Irmingarde, yesterday, and while the child was asserting her personality she knocked over the lamp and two vases from Italy. Minnie said she didn't mind very much, as she figured the gain in strength of character for Irmingarde was worth more than the things she smashed.

"Of course, I should have known better, but I was foolish enough to remark that I thought spanking would be just as effective and not nearly so expensive; and Harold, who is not a bad sort if he is my son-in-law, said 'Amen' under his breath. But Minnie heard him and so he and I had to retire to the pantry until she was through developing Irmingarde's personality.

"Irmingarde is only six but, so far, fostering her temperament along scientific lines has cost her father nine hundred dollars in breakage."

McC. H.

### The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.


Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection.

Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which affects four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

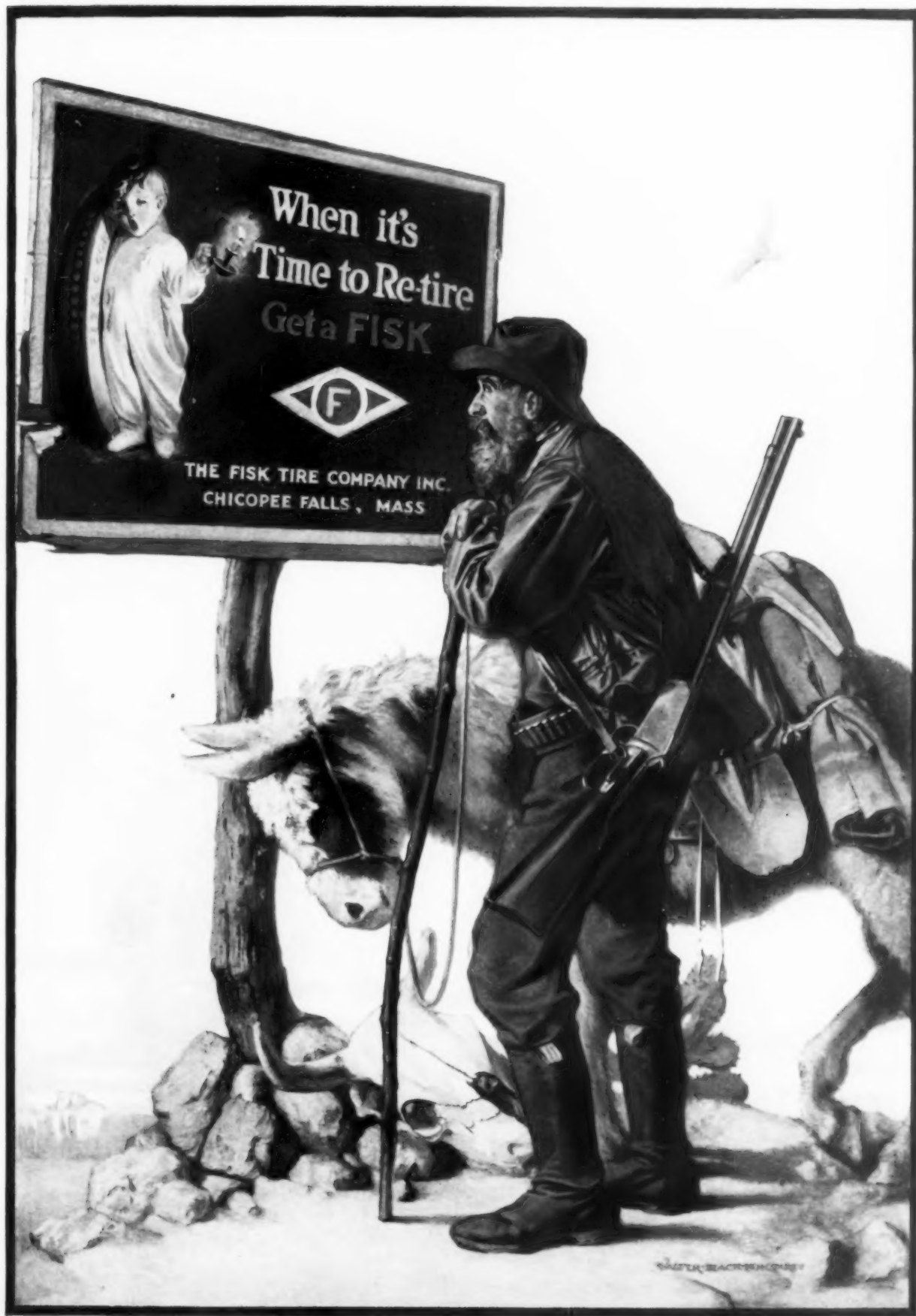
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.  
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## FOR THE GUMS





45 minutes' toasting develops  
its aristocratic flavor — the  
enormous production makes  
possible its democratic price

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"IT'S TOASTED"

